The Godzilla Roll

Page 1

1. Me and my dad love sushi. We Love It!
2. I enjoy California rolls.
3. My dad enjoys spicy salmon rolls.
4. I don't enjoy spicy sushi rolls.
5. My dad does enjoy spicy rolls, but not super spicy.
6. We also go on road trips a lot.
7. Did you get that, good, because if you didn't this story won't make much sense.

Page 2

1. One day my dad and I are on a road trip. Its noon and we're getting hungry.
2. My eagle eye vision kicks in and in seconds we find a sushi place.
3. We park the car and walk in. first thing we see is fish tank.
4. There is an Asian women in front with a cash register and
5. one of those golden cats with a paw that bobs up and down.

Page 3

1. "We would like to sit at the bar" my dad says.
2. We sit at the bar and are given menus.

3. Water trickles in the background.
4. The table we sit at is made of some sort of black porcelain. Something expensive.
5. In fact just about everything looked expensive.

Page 4.

1. In front of us is that area where you can see the chef's make the sushi.
2. And an organized array of fish on standby.
3. On the menu, I see a roll called the Godzilla roll. With the ingredients listed as "assorted fish, fish eggs, eel, tempura, and chefs special sauce" doesn't look spicy to me!
4. So we order, two miso soups, one California, one spicy California, one spicy salmon, and a Godzilla roll

Page 5

1. We have our miso soup.
2. And the rolls arrive.
3. The Godzilla roll is made of six pieces. Big pieces. If you made the okay sign with your fingers you wouldn't be able to hold a roll within the arch of your index finger and your thumb. It looks like they chopped up Godzilla's tail and served it
4. My dad starts digging into his rolls, and I plop the Godzilla roll into my mouth.

5. The atomic bomb hits and wild fire spreads.
6. Taste buds light up like firecrackers.
7. I sit paralyzed in my stool. I whimper and my dad asks “is it spicy?”

Page 6.

1. “mmmhm…” I manage.
2. Years pass and the fallout ends.
3. Swallowing is like breathing in a fireball. Made of fish.
4. “Are you going to finish that” my dad asks “No” I say relieved I got the piece I had down
5. Now my dad likes spicy sushi. But not very spicy, just enough for a kick.
6. But the Godzilla roll was Very VERY Spicy.
7. You know how wasabi is super spicy.
8. Well this was like wasabi covered in hot sauce, f
9. ired into an exploding sun.

Page 7.

1. “Okay, I’ll try it my dad says” I start eating my California roll.
2. “Hoo…hoo…” my dad starts breathing heavily. I look over and my dad’s eyes are watering.
3. My dad sips some ice water and chokes it down.
4. “Holy f#$K” my dad says out of breath. “That’s molten lava”

5. We both stare at the four Godzilla rolls still left on my plate.
6. The look bigger, and firier.
7. Like knives set out by a torture artist.
8. I imagine and like to pretend that back in the kitchen a couple of Asian chefs are laughing at us.

Page 8

1. “How are we going to do this?” my I ask.
2. “I have an idea” my dad says.
3. Using his chopsticks he open up the roll.
4. Fish piece by rice grain,
5. he dips each piece in soy sauce,
6. and eats it.
7. “Taking it apart helps it out.”

Page 9

1. Eventually we manage to finish the Godzilla roll.
2. We pay the check.
3. On drive out me and my dad are joking. What did we just order, what did we just eat?! It was a story to be laughing at.